To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:
How doe you *Deſdemona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyſt, this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;
For here's a young and ſweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot ſpeake of this; come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Des. I haue ſent to bid *Caſsio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No indeed my Lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father

In-

Intirely to her loue: B
Or made a gift of it; m
Should hold her loathe
After new fancies: She
And bid me, when my f
To giue it her; I did ſo
Make it a darling, like
To looſe, or giue't away
As nothing elſe could
Des. I'ſt poſſible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's
A Sybell that had numb
The Sun to courſe two
In her prophetique fur
The wormes were hallo
And it was died in Mu
Concerue of Maidens h
Des. Indeed, i'ſt tru
Oth. Moſt veritabl
Des. Then would t
Oth. Ha, wherefor
Des. Why doe you
Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt g
Des. Bleſſe vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not loſt, b
Oth. Ha.
Des. I ſay it is not l
Oth. Fetch't, let me
Des. Why ſo I can
This is a tricke, to put
I pray let *Caſsio* be rec
Oth. Fetch me that
De. Come, come, y
Oth. The handker
Des. A man, that a
Hath founded his goo
Shar'd dangers with y

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN